Vol. II. Numb. 28.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Wedneſday June 29th. to Friday July 1ſt. 1709.

Q. *GEntlemen, How cou'd it be ſaid,* Joſeph *thought of putting away* Mary *his Eſpouſed Wife, when a little before St.* Matthew *tell us, they had not yet come together?*

How long is a Generation *ſo often mention'd in the ſaid Author?*

A. That Expreſſion, *to put her away*, ſignifies to part with her, as that She might continue no longer his Contracted Spouſe. And therefore, to put her away Privily imports nothing more than Privately to put a Bill of Divorce into either her Hand or Boſom (as was the Jewiſh Method of Divorcing) in the Preſence of two Witneſſes only.

A *Generation* implies every new Succeſſion from Father to Son, as you may obſerve by numb'ring the Perſons of the three ſeveral Periods.

Q. *Gentlemen, I am juſt going to begin the World, and to Marry, ſo I would deſire you to ſend me ſome Rules to go by, that I may attain a Comfortable and a Happy Life. Your Ingenious Anſwer may be of ſervice to the Publick and, I doubt not, but of great Satisfaction to, Gentlemen, Your moſt Obedient Servant,* R B——n.

A That you are a Tradeſman, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe from the Tenor of your Letter, and therefore we ſhall calculate our Advice agreeable thereto.

As *the Fear of the Lord* (namely, Religion, an Uſual Metonymy of the Part for the Whole) *as the Fear of the Lord, That is Wiſdom*, ſo conſequently the Foundation of all our Happineſs. Religion therefore muſt be your Firſt, your Principal concern; the Baſis of whatever Structure you may propoſe to raiſe in the courſe of a Buſy, of an Active Life. In Vain you will ſeek for Tranquility Abroad, while there is nothing but Inquietude and Anxiety at Home. In Vain will you endeavour to Cancel that Irreverſible Decree, *no Peace*, (no Happineſs) *ſays my God, to the Wicked.* While Tumults Rage in your Diſorder'd Breaſt, External Affluence will but Tantalize your Fancy, Inſult your Imagination, and Aggravate your Miſery. To be Unhappy in the midſt of Happineſs, This is a Freſh Ingredient to the Bitter Cup. Conſider too, that without Providing for Eternity you cannot expect to Provide for this Mortal Life: *Seek ye Firſt the Kingdom of God and his Righteouſneſs, and then all theſe things* (all the Neceſſaries of Human Life) *ſhall be added unto you.* Conſider, that the ſucceſs of your Temporal Affairs muſt be founded on the Baſis of Religion; *Godlineſs is Profitable unto all things, haveing Promiſe of the Life, that now is, and of that, which is to come.* Conſider, that the Comfortable enjoyment of this Preſent World depends upon a Neceſſary Preparation for Another; *What Man is He, that luſteth to live, and wou'd fain ſee Good days? Eſchew Evil and do Good; Seek Peace and Enſue it. For the Eyes of the Lord are over the Righteous, and his Ears are open unto their Prayers.*

The Wife of your Boſom is your Second Self, and therefore conſequently your Next concern. Whence it is deſerving of your beſt endeavours to Eſtabliſh an Intire Agreement, to Cultivate a Perfect Harmony between your ſelf and ſo Dear a Relative. No ſucceſs in your Affairs, no Temporal Proſperity whatever, can Balance the Uneaſineſs of Domeſtick Jars. Unhappy the Man, the Diſturber of whoſe Quiet is even one *of his Own Houſehold.*

Since Friendſhip is one of the Principal Felicities of Life, one of the moſt Raviſhing Enjoyments on this ſide Heaven, you ſhou'd be Wary and Diſcreet in the Important Choice of your Familiar Friends, your Intimate Acquaintance. You ſhou'd make a Prudent Selection of ſuch Companions, from whom you may Expect Profit as well as Pleaſure, both Improvement and Entertainment too.

That you may not want the Comforts attendant on your Thriving in the World, you ſhou'd not be Deficient in thoſe particulars, which are ſerviceable to ſo Commendable an end: Such as a Competent Knowledg of your Buſineſs, a Prudent Management conſequent to ſuch a Knowledg, Unwearied Diligence in ſuch a Management, and Theſe Improv'd to the beſt advantage by an Obliging Deportment, an Engaging Temper.

Leſt the Interruptions, you may expect to meet with in the Progreſs of your Affairs, ſhou'd Diſcompoſe your Mind, and Diſpoſſeſs you of your Happineſs, you ſhou'd Prepare and Fortify your ſelf by

a Prudent Conſideration, that, if at any time you ſhou'd Miſcarry in any of your deſigns, even Then *no temptation* will have *happen'd unto you, but what is common to Man.* For *Man is born to Trouble* (to Diſappointments and Miſcarriages) *as the Sparks fly upwards.*

But that you may not Build the Future Happineſs of your Life on ſo Precarious, ſo Changeable a Scene as a Proſperous Condition, you muſt Diſengage your Soul from *the Love of the World*, Wean *your Affections* from *things Below*, Fix your Deſires on Unchangeable Objects, and Center your Hopes on that Eternal Habitation, where awaits your Entrance a *Crown INCORRUPTIBLE, Life EVERLASTING*, and *Pleaſure FOR EVERMORE.* And to ſo excellent an end, you wou'd do well never to Forget thoſe admirable words, *the Faſhion of this World Paſſes away.*

But we cannot omit the Recommendation of a Calm, Sedate, Diſpaſſionate Diſpoſition; a Diſpoſition oppoſite to that Angry, that Reſenting temper, which Imbitters the moſt Unmingled Bliſs, Ruffles the moſt Refin'd Enjoyments. *Bleſſed are the Meek, for They ſhall Inherit the Earth.* That is, whatever Portion they enjoy, they enjoy it with the Trueſt Guſt, with the Keeneſt Reliſh.

We wou'd adviſe you therefore to make it your endeavour, to be Upright without Formality, Courteous without Diſſimulation, Conſcientious without Scrupuloſity, Affable without Affectation, *All things to All men* without Encroaching upon Innocence, Intimate with a *Choſen* Few without the Neglect of others, Free without Indiſcretion, Diligent without Anxiety, Provident without Solicitude, as Uſing this World and not Abuſing it.

Q. *Whether the Story of* Simon Magus *Aſcending up to Heaven in a Fiery Chariot by the Aſſiſtance of two inviſible Demons, but thrown down Headlong to the ground by St.* Peter, *be an Authentick Truth?*

A. The Story meets not with Reception with Learned Men as an Unqueſtionable Truth. *Arnobius* indeed, who flouriſh'd towards the end of the third Century, ſcruples not to relate the Matter without the leaſt appearance of Doubtfulneſs. But he wrote the Book, wherein it is related, while a Novice in Chriſtianity, even before he was admitted to Baptiſm, and therefore might acquieſce in the Story upon the bare authority of common report. But the beſt Writers do generally acknowledg thus much, namely, that that Magical Seducer, that Execrable Impoſtor, was, at *Rome* (where, as well as at *Samaria*, he Practiſed his abominable Deluſions) entirely Defeated by St. *Peter.*

Q. *Since Pythagoras, and moſt of the Ancient Philoſophers travailed into ſeveral parts of the World, to enrich themſelves with the Learning of other Nations, what was the reaſon, that induc'd* Socrates, *that Beſt of Philoſophers, to ſtay at home.*

A. The Reaſon was, becauſe he was of Opinion, that the Learning to be Deriv'd from Travailing was not a Counterpoiſe to the Lots of Time. One might be apt to think, that he Deſpis'd the Learning of *Barbarians* (as the *Greeks* uſually ſtil'd all others but themſelves) were it not that his Uncommon Modeſty will not ſuffer us to do it. But however *Socrates* might not have ſo high an Eſteem of Travailing to Forein Countries, yet his Scholar *Plato*, tho' a True Admirer of his Maſter, was of a Different Opinion.

Q. *Whether Dr.* Harvy *were Really the firſt Inventor of the Circulation of the Blood?*

A. The *Chineſe* are reported to have Known it long before. But this no ways derogates from the Doctor's Invention, ſince it was not deriv'd from Them. 'Tis true, he himſelf ſays, that *Ariſtotle* was not a Stranger to it, but yet he might not have deriv'd it thence. For to Strengthen and Authorize his new Hypotheſis, which at firſt was generally exploded, he might Search into Ancient Authors, and eaſily fancy, that a doubtful paſſage that ſeem'd to look that way, was expreſſive of his Opinion, or at leaſt from his own notion of the thing he might the more readily hit upon *Ariſtotle's* true meaning, tho' conceal'd from others.

Q. *What are the Periodical and Synodical Courſes of the Moon?*

A. Her Periodical Courſe is her Return to the ſame Point of the Ecliptick, from whence She ſet out. But when She leaves the Sun, and returns to the ſame Point, at which She left it, She muſt paſs over that Portion of the Ecliptick, which the Sun the mean while has paſt, and conſequently Overtake the Sun, before She has performed her Synodical Courſe. Whence her Synodical is a larger courſe than her Periodical.

Q. *How is Impenetrability a Property of Body, when there is no Body, but what may be Penetrated?*

A. The Phyſical notion of the Impenetrability of Bodies implies, that one Body cannot admit of another Body into the ſame place, where it ſelf is. And therefore, when one Body Penetrates another in the Philological notion of the word, it does it by Excluding a Proportionable part of it out of it's place. And thence the Body thus Penetrated ſtill remains Impenetrable in a Philoſophical Senſe.

Q. *Why is* Cupid *for the moſt part painted naked?*

A. To ſhew our Pretenſions in our Addreſſes to the Fair Sex ought to be ſo, that is, to ſpeak the naked Truth of our Hearts.

Q. *Gentlemen, Reading in your* Monthly Paper, *of a Gentleman, who pretends to Love an Older Perſon than himſelf, I deſire to know your Opinion, whether ſuch a thing is poſſible, more eſpecially, when Money the Chief Ingredient (in this World) is wanting. Your Anſwer will oblige yours, &c.*

A. Since *Love* is often blind to Groſs Faults and Notorious Deformities, how ſhou'd He diſcern a ſmall Diſparity of Years, often not to be diſcover'd by thoſe, who have both their Eyes. As to *Money*, that is never the Object of that Generous *Paſſion*, but of a mean, Mercenary Temper.

Q. *Gentlemen, Your reaſon for ſhortneſs of Sight (why one, who has always been of a ſtrong and ſharp Sight, but of late is become otherwiſe, without any Pain or outward change of the Eyes, and yet fears further degrees) how the ſame may be prevented or repaired either by general Rules or application to an able Occuliſt, and whom you would (either privately or publickly) recommend, will moſt ſingularly oblige the Patient, who is, Gentlemen, Your Admirer and Subſcriber, &c.*

A. Upon knowledg where to ſend to the Author of the Letter, we may direct him to an Ingenious Artiſt, it not being within our Province (as we have often declared) to meddle in matters, by which Perſons gain their Livelihood.

A Letter came to us ſign'd *A. Z.* deſiring an Anſwer to a former Queſtion, but except the Author of it diſcovers what Queſtion He means, He cannot expect an Anſwer.

POEMS.

Q. LONG *have I been of* Sylvia's *heart poſſeſs'd,*
And with Maria's *Friendſhip too been bleſs'd.*
Both are ſincere, and both are Conſtant too;
That to her Love, and This to Friendſhip true.

Kind

Kind Sylvia's *Love is truly Conjugal.*
Maria's *Friendſhip is Platonick all:*
The one I have contracted for a Wife,
The other does deſign to lead a Single Life.
But yet I find Maria *does intend*
Still to continue (as She is) my Friend,
If that She may with Honour ſafely do,
Which is the Caſe that we refer to you.
How far a Modeſt Maid may entertain,
A blameleſs Friendſhip with a Married Man.

A. Maria does Intrench on *Sylvia*'s due,
Who juſtly claims your *Love* and *Friendſhip* too.
And tho' *Platonick* gives a ſpecious Name,
'Tis odds, 'twill ſoon become another Flame.
Such *Sympathy* 'twixt *Body* is and *Mind*,
That each to th' other's *Acts*, is ſtill inclin'd.

Q. *She*'s gone, *She*'s gone—*Th' inhoſpitable (Clime,*
The barbarous, the frigid North, receives
The Darling of my wiſhes. From the Fair
Splendid Auguſta, *and the num'rous train*
Of gay Delights, and all the ſoft Amuſements,
That do with ſweet, but powerful Attracts,
Confine within her Walls the Univerſe,
Hid and diſcard (a Voluntary Exile) She
Chuſes the Cold, the Solitary Shades,
That ſpread themſelves beneath th' inclement Artick,
The Caledonian Soil do's proudly boaſt
The Noble Gueſt; whilſt a too happy Sea-port,
Joyous enſcrines the Lovely Swain, whoſe Waves
Tumid and boiſt'rous with inteſtine Air,
Roll in unequal Furrows to the Shore,
And yield a lively Emblem of her Stormy Breaſt.
She's gone, *She*'s gone—*But that which gives the (Stab,*
The mort'ring Wound to my expiring Hopes,
She's left me here behind her, ſad, forlorn,
Dejected, plung'd in gulfs of black Deſpair.
That Nightly roll their Sable Billows o'er
My Soul, by her Commands doom'd to Eternal Abſence.
Say then, ye Bards (whoſe gentle Influence
So oft has ſooth'd and calm'd the rugged Paſſions,
Whoſe Surging Billows do endanger oft
The too too feeble Bark of reaſon) ſay,
What Remedy, what Eaſe, can your Celeſtial Skill
Give to aſſuage my Miſeries, and ſave
My gaſping Mind ready to drown, o'erwhelm'd
In the ſwol'n Ocean of my raging Sorrows.

Lyſander

A. Unhappy Swain! Thine Anguiſh none con- (ceive,
But thoſe have been ingulf'd in like Deſpair.
Had neighb'ring Plains retain'd the Cruel Nymph,
Tho' deaf to all thy Sighs and mournful Plaints,
Tho' blind to all thy Tears, and Languiſhings,
And negligent of all thy Faithful Vows,
Yet but to Hear her *Voice*, and to her Eyes
Oppoſe the *Object* of her *Conſcious Scorn*,
Might have reliev'd, in *Hopes* She wou'd *Relent*:
But to retire thus to a diſtant Shore,
To Northern Climates, yet *leſs Cold* than Her,
Where neither Moans nor Cries can reach her Ears,
But widely be diſpers'd, the ſport of Winds;
To be for *Ever* Baniſh'd from her Preſence,
This Hangs, alas! Upon thy ſinking Soul,
Sad, like the Plumets of Eternal Night.
Yet from this dark Abyſs, this Horrid Gloom,
A Ray darts forth, which may ſome Comfort bring,
In that thy Suff'rings can't be *Great* and *Long*.
If *Great*, than *Nature* ſinks beneath the Load,
And lays Thee on the Bed of endleſs *Reſt*;
If *Long*, their *Levity* will ſtill Increaſe,
Whilſt the repeated Images of Grief,
On every ſucceſſion, fainter grow,
'Till to their former *Nothing* they're reduc'd.

APOLLO,

Q. *I've a* WIFE, *it is true,*
Had the DEVIL *his due,*
I ſoon ſhould be unmarry'd again;
But ſince it is ſo,
That the Devil's ſo ſlow,
How may I be eas'd of my Pain.

She's ſtrong, full of Strife,
Plague, Teaze of my Life,
Will pleas'd with her Cull in her Placket:
But if I come there,
She'll Rant, Roar, and Swear,
And Baſtinado my Cuckoldly Jacket.

Thus She'll Whore, *and be Merry,*
With Ralph, Tom, *and* Harry,
Each day She'll be frequently Drunk.
Pray, preſcribe, and be ſure,
Some Infallible Cure,
To reclaim, or get rid of my Punk.

'Tis in vain to propoſe,
High words, or hard Blows,
For that's but increaſing my Curſe.
Good words I have giv'n her,
Try'd all ways to win her,
But Succuba *ſtill grows the worſe.*

Yours, W. B.

A. Both in Country and City,
Some Objects of Pity
Appear, 'till their Caſe is well known;
But after, we find,
Their Afflictions deſign'd,
As due to their Merits alone.

Now,

Now, ſince Baſtinado,
From Hect'ring Virago,
You ſuffer, like ſuch a Tame Fool.
'Tis Pity, that *She*
E'er a *Subject* ſhou'd be,
Since Form'd ſo exactly for *Rule*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

If you know when you're well,
Never after Rebell,
But be thankful for what Heav'n decreed,
Since She does Inherit,
So Noble a Spirit,
If only for *Mending the Breed*.

Any may have of our Servants in their Walks, the Index to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, or of our Printer; being uſeful to all who ſend Queſtions, to know what have been anſwer'd, for of ſuch we ſhall take no further Notice.

SIR,

THE Letters from the Camp before Tournay, June 29th advife, that upon the Report, of General Dopff and Major-General Cadogan, of the ſtrength of the Enemy's Camp at Lens, the Generals of Our Army and the Field-Deputies unanimouſly agreed, that it was not poſſible to Attack them without vaſt Diſadvantage and Hazard, and therefore reſolv'd upon the Siege of Tournay; that the better to ſucceed in that Deſign, Care was taken to foment the Enemy's Jealouſy of being attack'd, whereupon the Artillery was ordered to be brought up the Lys to Menin, and the Flying-Camp, Commanded by General Dompre, to advance from Aloſt to Audenarde, as if they deſign'd to paſs the Scheld there, in order to joyn the Army; that on the other hand, the Heavy Baggage was ſent the 26th Inſtant about Nine in the Morning from the Camp at Loos to Lille, and at ſeven in the Evening the whole Army received Orders to hold themſelves in a Readineſs immediately after the Tattoo; that accordingly between nine and ten, the Army broke up, and March'd as every body (the Generals excepted) thought towards the Enemy; but ſoon after the Army Divided, and the Right Wing in two Colmns mov'd along the Stone way that leads from Douay to the Village of Rouchin, from whence they March'd to the Left along the great Road from Lille to Pont-a-bouvines, where they paſs'd the Marque and purſued their March Directly for Anthoin; that at the ſame time the Left Wing March'd in two Columns by the way of Pont-a-Treſſin, ſo that the 27th about two in the Morning the whole Army came before that Town, and inveſted the place on the ſide of Lille, whilſt General Dompre, who march'd from Aloſt the 26th did the like on the other ſide of the Scheld with the Troops under his Command, and ten Battalions that had been detach'd from the Left Wing of the Army for that intent; that in the March thirty Squadrons and twelve Battalions were likewiſe detach'd under the Command of the Prince of Orange Naſſau, to ſurprize St. Amand and Morraigne, that upon his Highneſs's Approach the Garriſon of the former retir'd to Valenciennes, and that of the latter ſurrender'd themſelves Priſoners of War as ſoon as our Troops had carried Sword in hand, the redoubt that defended the Bridg of that important Poſt; that the next day the Army drew nearer to Tournay, in order to draw the Lines of Circumvallation, for which purpoſe a great Number of Pioneers have been ſummon'd out of Flanders; that on the 29th a Detachment was ſent to relieve the Troops left at St. Amand and Mortaigne, that the Neceſſary Diſpoſitions are making for the Siege, and the Forces to be imploy'd in it are 60 Battalions and 60 Squadrons, and that among the former are the following Britiſh Battalions, *viz.* 2 of the Royal Regiment of Foot Guards; and the Regiments of Argyle, Evans, Temple, Meridith, and Pendergraſs; that Monſieur Surville, who Commands in the place, ſent out the 27th a Battalion to bring into the Town all the Cattle that were grazing in the Neighbourhood, but their Retreat being cut off by our Troops, moſt of them were taken Priſoners. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

All are deſir'd to direct their Letters (ſuperſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carter's*, at the *Roſe* & *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printer's hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for whole Sets, of which very few are left. The entire firſt Volumn to *Lady-Day* comes to 12 *s.* and with the Index 12 *s.* 6 *d.* Bound and Gilt all down the Back in Sheeps skin, 15 *s.* In Calves-leather 15 *s.* 6 *d.* The Book contains 137 Sheets, and Anſwers to above 2000 Queſtions in moſt Arts and Sciences. As alſo for Books of Guards 2 *s.* each to keep them in. Our terms are 2 *s.* per Quarter without the *Monthly*, 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with; and each *Quarterly* Book 6 *d.* Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-Day 1 *d.* for each Paper. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd, but where the Poſtage is paid.

Any who want ſingle Sheets to make up their Setts, may have them, on addreſſing as above

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great numbers of Queſtions are continually ſent us, which we have anſwer'd before; to prevent that trouble for the future, both to our Querifts and our ſelves, we ſhall plant Indexes fix'd to Boards in ſeveral Coffee-houſes in the principal parts of the Town, for ſuch as have not Indexes to have recourſe to, where alſo Queſtions, Subſcriptions and Advertiſements, will be taken in, of which we ſhall give Publick Notice.

Licentia Poetica diſcuſs'd: Or, the True Teſt of Poetry. Without which it is Impoſſible to *Judge of*, or *Compoſe*, A Correct Engliſh *Poem*: To which are added, *Critical Obſervations* on the Principal, Ancient and Modern Poets, viz. *Homer*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Waller*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, &c. as frequently liable to Juſt Cenſure. With ſome Remarks alſo on my Lord Duke of *Marlborough's* and Maj. Gen. *Stanhope's* Letters Commendatory of the Earl of *Peterborow's* Valor and Conduct in *Spain*, as the occaſional Ground for an Excellent Epic. Poem. *London*; Printed for *William Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Churchyard*, 1709.

A Brief Treatiſe of the Eyes in which not only the Structure of the ſame is Anatomically demoſtrated, but the Diſtempers which for the moſt part are Incident thereto, are likewiſe diſtinctly Deſcrib'd. To which is added ſome particular directions for preſerving the Sight, together with a Table Explaining the Terms of Art mention'd in the Treatiſe, thereby rendring the ſame Intelligible and Uſeful to all Perſons, by *William Croſſe* Profeſſor of *Phyſick* and Oculiſt. Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationer's Hall*.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.